Pathetically she mixed it all with fragments of the Christianity of which she was so proud and which she still thought would be a bond of union between herself and this man. Allow for the element of fiction and romance : this is a story that has been repeated a thousand times in fair Tahiti. When Loti forgets her on some court affair or European business, she reproaches him with making but a plaything of her. " I knew it— I knew I was only a little contemptible creature— a plaything you allowed yourself. To you white men that is all we ever can be. But what shall I gain by being angry ? I am alone in the world— with you or with another man, what can it signify ? . . . Here I am, and that is an end of it." He furiously denies it. But he must leave her at last. Oh, yes, he will come back !

He actually did so the year after, and she was waiting for him. She has developed a

little cough
which he just notices. He brought back
a cage of
little singing birds which they
released in this
glen, and the idyll was played over
again—the
long languorous bathes, the climbs the
through
ferns, the twining of wreaths with
Tiare Tahiti